

OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.]

NORWAY, (Maine,) WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 31, 1827.

[NO. 135.]

THE REPOSITORY.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

THE BARBER OF GOTTINGEN.

One night about ten o'clock, as the Barber of Gottengen College was preparing to go to rest, after having scraped the chins of upwards of a dozen of students, the door of his shop opened briskly, and a short, portly, thick set man made his appearance. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. In stature he did not rise above five feet, but this was amply compensated by a paunch which would have done honor to a burgomaster. His face, his legs, and in truth, his whole frame, gave equal tokens of *en bon point*; and spoke in eloquent terms of good living and freedom from care. This worthy personage had on a broad-brimmed glazed hat, a brown frock coat, and brown small clothes, with copper buckles at the knees. His hair, which was curly, and as black as pitch, descended behind and at each side, underneath the rim of his hat. His whiskers were thick and bushy; and his beard appeared to be of at least four day's growth.

The salutation which he made on entering the *sacrum sanctorum* of the Barber, was more remarkable for freedom than politeness. He pushed the door roughly aside, and strutted into the middle of the room, placing his hands jockey wise into his coat pockets, and whistling aloud.

"Can you shave me, I say?" was his first address to the astonished tonsor.

"Sir?" said the latter, with a stare of surprise, as he turned round and encountered the eye of his new arriver.

"I say, can you shave me?" thundered out the latter with increased loudness.

The Barber was a tall, spare, spindle-shaped figure of a man, somewhat up in years, and not remarkable for an extraordinary share of courage. He had, however, too high an opinion of himself—being no less than peruke maker to the professors of Gottengen—to stand tamely by, and be bearded in his own house. His indignation got the better of a feeling of dread, which in spite of himself, began to creep over him; and he heard the demand of his visitor with rather an unusual share of resolution.

"You ask me if I can shave you, sir," said he, ceasing from the operation of strapping a razor in which he was engaged. "I can shave any man that ever wore a beard; and I see no reason why you should be more difficult to shave than other people, unless, peradventure, your chin is stuck over with bristles like a hedge-hog, or some such animal."

"Well, then, why don't you shave me?" returned the other, throwing himself upon a chair, pitching his hat carelessly to one side, and stretching out his short plump legs as far as they would go. "Come along, my old boy; now I am ready for you." So saying, he unloosed his neckcloth, laid it down, and grasped and rubbed his neck and chin with both hands with an appearance of peculiar satisfaction. But the College Barber was in no mood of mind to cherish such freedom. He stuck his watch spectacles upon the tip of his long skinny nose, projected forward his peering chin in a sarcastic, sneering manner, and eyed the stranger with a look, *à la* thing but favorable. At last he broke silence.

"I said, sir, that I could shave any man but—"

"But what?" said the other, aroused by the gravity of his tone, and turning round upon him.

"But it is not my pleasure to shave you,"—And he commenced strapping his razor as before, without taking any farther notice of his neighbor. The latter seemed astounded at what he heard. He, in fact, doubted the evidence of his ears, and gazed upon the Barber with a look of curious astonishment. His curiosity, however, soon gave way to anger; and this was indicated by a most portentous heaving about the chest, and an increased flushing of his rufous face. His cheeks were at length blown out and distended with genuine rage, till they acquired something of the roundness and proportions of a good large pumpkin.

"Not shave me!" ejaculated he, emptying his lungs and cheeks at once, of the volume of air accumulated within them. The rushing out of this hurricane of wrath was tremendous. The Barber trembled from top to toe when he heard it; but he uttered not a word.

"Not shave me!" He was silent as before.

"Not shave me?" repeated the little man a third time, louder than ever, and starting from his seat with a bound perfectly remarkable for his corpulency.

The shaver got alarmed, and well he might; for the other stood fronting him—his arms a-kimbo—his eyes flashing fire; and all his attitudes indicative of some hostility. The strap was dropped, and the razor quietly deposited upon the mantelpiece.

"Do you mean to do me an injury in my own house?" said the Barber, with all the courage he could muster.

"Donnor and Blitzen! Who talks of injuring you?" I wish you to scrape my beard. Is there any thing extraordinary in that?"

"I can shave no man after ten o'clock," replied the Barber. "Besides, my business is solely confined to the professors and students of the university. I am strictly forbidden to operate on the face or head of any other person, by the most learned Dr. Dedimus Dunderhead! and the Senatus Academicus."

"Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead!" observed the other with a contemptuous sneer. "And who may he be?"

"He is the Provost of the University, and Professor of Moral Philosophy thereunto," answered the Barber; not a little scandalized at hearing that learned man spoken of in such terms.

"Ay—and a pretty dunderheaded fellow he must be to give any such orders. However, I am not going to waste my time here all night. All that I have got to tell you is this, that if you won't shave me, I shall shave you." And, suiting the action to the word, he reached up his hand, got hold of the Barber by the nose, and placed him, by sheer force, upon the chair which he himself had just left. The suddenness of this action deprived the other for a moment of his senses. He sat gazing, with a mixture of rage and amazement, at the author of the audacious deed; nor was it till he felt the brush, loaded with cold soap suds, thumping upon his cheeks, and heard the stranger laughing aloud, that he reflected upon his situation.

His first impulse was to start up, but he was instantly pushed down by the brawny arm of the little man. He then turned his head from side to side to avoid the assaults, but this did not mend the matter; his face was reached by the brush, and brow, nose, cheeks, and ears, bespattered with saponaceous effusion. Nor when he attempted to bawl out, were his efforts more successful; the indefatigable operator filled his mouth with lather, and laid on with greater energy than ever. With one hand grasping him by the throat, and the other armed with the shaving brush, the fat man continued at his occupation, laughing heartily, and enjoying, with the most turbulent mirth, the scene before him. At last the Barber managed with great difficulty, to get out some words, and cried strenuously for mercy, promising, by heaven and earth, to shave his oppressor when and where he thought proper, whatever Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus might say to the contrary.

This declaration procured him a release. He rose up tremblingly from the grasp of the stranger, and having his face more thoroughly bedizenized with his own peculiar liquid, than any face, handsome or ugly, which ever came under his hands. His first care was to free it of those ignominious marks of good will by means of a towel, while the author of this outrage threw himself upon the chair, almost convulsed with laughter.

As the astonished shaver prepared his utensils for the operation about to be performed, though in a different manner, upon his opponent, he had some leisure to recover from the shock into which he was thrown. Indignation was still a prominent feeling in his mind; but this was subordinate to other emotions; and the dread of his sufferings being repeated, together with the appearance of the stranger, who had now resumed his seat, and was whistling impatiently, made him hasten his preparations with unusual speed. Having arranged every thing, that is to say, having prepared a razor, mixed up a quantity of foaming lather, and stuck a towel under the chin of his customer, he was about to commence when the latter thundered out, "*avant!*" The Barber gave way like a scared poacher, retreated some steps, and gazed at the other with ill-suppressed alarm.

"Perhaps you mean to cut my throat!" said the stranger, in a loud voice.

"My business is to shave beards, and not to cut throats," rejoined the alighted shaver, with all humility.

"Very like!—very like; but I don't choose to take you at your word; so have a care. If you cut my throat, I will blow your brains out, that's all."

And placing his hand in one of the large pockets of his frock-coat, he brought out a horseman's pistol, cocked

it deliberately, and placed it on a chair which stood beside him. "Now proceed," continued he, "and remember, if you so much as scratch a pimple on my chin, or leave a single hair unshorn, I shall send a bullet through your numpscull."

The appearance of this terrible weapon augmented, as well as may be supposed, the Barber's alarm. His hand shook like an aspen leaf, and he kept laying on the suds ten times longer than he ever did on any former occasion. He was terrified to lay his razor on the chin of so dangerous a subject, and resolved to keep brushing to the very last moment, rather than run the risk of having a pistol discharged at his head. The delay, indeed, was useful to him, as it gave his hand time to recover its wonted steadiness. Nor did the stranger take it ill, on the contrary, his good humor appeared to return with the agreeable titillation of the shaving brush, and he whistled aloud, thereby blowing the soap from his lips upon the Barber's face with a look of apparent satisfaction.

Half an hour had now passed away since the latter commenced laying on the soap, and he was still employed at this preliminary operation. The fat man relished it mightily, and, far from complaining of its tediousness, kept whistling away, and humming snatches of old songs, to the no small annoyance of the operator, who found the utmost difficulty in making the brush move smoothly over features so diversified in motion and expression. Notwithstanding all this gaiety, however, the shaver did not like his new acquaintance. There was something odd about him; and, even though there had been nothing remarkable, he could not, at once, forget the egregious insult offered to his own person only a short time before. Instead, therefore, of laughing at his strange sallies of broad humor, he felt his heart burning with a wrath which nothing but genuine fear prevented from bursting forth. The whistling and singing of the stranger only produced disgust; his witticisms drew forth nothing but a grin. Every moment his outrageous mirth became more intolerable. His whole aim seemed to be to stultify and ridicule the unfortunate Barber, who continued to apply the brush with a feeling of agony which dyed his pale cheeks to a dingy hue, and lengthened his gaunt physiognomy full a couple of inches.

It will be asked, why did he not get through with his operation, and rid himself of so troublesome a customer? This, as we have said, proceeded from the dread of applying the razor to the chin of so irritable a personage. But time wears off. His hand became steadier, and he thought he might now venture to finish a business, commenced under such extraordinary auspices. His attempt was in vain. No sooner had he ceased applying the soap, and was in the act of moving off for his razor, when the loud voice of his customer fell, like thunder, upon his ear—"Brush away, my old boy—nothing like it." And he continued humming these words for a quarter of an hour longer, during which time, the Barber was compelled to soap his chin without the least interval of repose. It was now eleven, as was indicated by the striking of the College clock.

Three quarters of an hour had he scrubbed away at the chin of this strange character, and as yet, he saw no more chance of his labor terminating than when he began. The same toilsome, never-ending task was still before him, and he was kept working at it as by some supernatural agency. It was in vain for him to get into a passion; the fat man laughed in his face. It was in vain to attempt a cessation of labor;—the eternal "Brush away," from the mouth of his tormentor, kept him at the work. Still more vain was it for him to refuse; he remembered the punishment inflicted upon himself for such an act, and had, moreover, an eye to the pistol laid by, with which, doubtless, its owner would have enforced compliance.

Never was any human being so completely wretched. He felt as if in the charmed ring of some enchanter, from whose precincts it was impossible to escape. He had no power of his own. His will was useless; every movement of his body was in direct opposition to its dictates. What could he do? If he stopped one moment, that cursed sound of "Brush away," was thundered into his ears. If he moved for his razor, he was brought back by the same provoking spell. If he refused to shave, he ran the risk of being shaved himself. Nay, even though he had the razor in his hand, what security had he that he might not scratch the chin of such a talkative and unsteady being, and there-

by get as a reward a pistol bullet through his brain? Such was the deplorable condition of the Barber of Gottengen University.

"Brush away," cried the stentorian voice of the stranger, as he plunged his fingers among his immense mass of black curly hair, and showed, while he laughed, a mouth which might well nigh have swallowed the full moon.

"I can brush no longer," said the Barber, dropping his hands with absolute fatigue. "I have brushed for more than an hour to no purpose, and am exhausted beyond endurance."

"Exhausted, say you, my old boy? I shall cure you of that. Here swallow a little of this glorious stuff—the Elixir Diaboli of Doctor Faustus." So saying, he drew a bottle of red liquid from his pocket, uncorked it in an instant, and before the Barber was aware, forced one half down his throat. "Now brush away," continued he, "nothing like it."

Confounded by the suddenness of this action, the operator had no time to reflect. Again did he begin his eternal labor—again was the brush loaded with a supply of suds, and laid on as before. Inspired by what he had swallowed, he felt new vigor to diffuse itself throughout his body. His arms, forgetting their fatigue, worked with refreshed energy, while the fat man continued to bawl out, "Brush away," and laughed and grinned alternately in his face.

But although his body was strengthened, let it not be supposed that the least glimmer of satisfaction was communicated to his mind. On the contrary, he became every moment more overwhelmed with amazement and wretchedness. Body and mind seemed to have dissolved their natural connexion. The former was a mere puppet over which the latter had no control. The unhappy man felt his misery. He knew the utter absurdity of his conduct—he knew that he was acting the part of an idiot—a madman—a laughingstock. Yet with all this knowledge he could not check himself in this nonsensical career; but, as if by some infernal influence, he continued to lather the face of his obstreperous customer, notwithstanding all that inclination and common sense could say to the contrary.

We have said that the College clock struck eleven. Another half hour passed by, and midnight was approaching. The apartment in which this strange scene was carried on began to get obscure, from the untrimmed lamp, and fading glow of the fire. A dim twilight from these sources lit it up, aided by the rays of the young moon peering through a small window, which opened into the College court. Every moment the place was becoming darker; and at last the Barber's blocks, capped in their corresponding wigs, and ranged at intervals along the walls, were so obscure that they might have been mistaken for the heads of so many human beings stuck upon poles; nothing but their dark outlines were discernible. On the expiring embers of the fire stood the kettle, singing audibly, and pouring forth streams of vapor from its spout.

The scene of gloom was no impediment to the operations of the Barber. He still continued his incessant toil, and the strange man as unceasingly his vociferations. "Brush away, my old boy," came perpetually from his lips, and was succeeded invariably by a long drawn despairing sigh from the bosom of the shaver. The darkness at length became so great, that the latter could with difficulty, perceive his own brush and soap box. The lamp flickered some score of times like a dying meteor, and then went out, while nothing remained of the fire but a few red embers which communicated a local glow of warmth, but scarcely emitted the slightest ray of light. The room was illuminated solely by the faint beams of the moon, and was so dark that nothing but the outlines of the largest objects, such as the chairs and tables, were visible. The blocks, long ere this time, had hid themselves in darkness.

As the gloom became deeper, the Barber's terror increased. His hand could scarcely hold the brush, with which he worked at random, like a blind man—sometimes hitting, and sometimes missing the physiognomy of the stranger. But though the darkness thickened around, the College clock had struck the twelfth hour, the latter showed no signs of exhaustion. His eternal cry continued the same. "Brush away, brush away, brush away,"—that incessant sound rung like a knell of misery in the ears of the wretched shaver. He even thought that he heard the accursed notes taken up by every object around: his blocks—his kettle, seemed instinct with sound. They all re-echoed it; the former with low and sibilant

chiral notes from their wooden sconces; the latter with a hissing sound like that of a serpent endowed with speech.

Another half hour now passed by, and at length the horrid and unearthly tones of the fat man became less loud. He seemed to drop asleep, and "Brush away," was repeated at longer intervals, and in a deep hollow voice. It never ceased, however, but was uttered with much less rapidity than at first. He began to snore; and between each, a long deeply drawn "Br-u-sh a-way," was heard to proceed from his bosom, as from the bottom of a tomb; the blocks and the kettle also *remurmured* the tones with kindred slowness. In this there was something inexpressibly frightful; and a cloud passing before the moon, and thereby leaving the chamber in profound darkness, the Barber found himself overwhelmed with unutterable dread.

There was not a soul present but himself and his fearful companion. His house opened into the College churchyard, which was a dismal place, surrounded by high walls, and regularly locked in each evening. Every circumstance, therefore, contributed to render his situation more appalling. There was no one at hand to relieve him in his distress: no one to hear him should he invoke their aid. There was even no way of escape should he be so fortunate as to get out; the lofty wall of the cemetery rendered that a hopeless undertaking.

Meantime, he continued to ply at his endless task. The least pause brought on increased exclamations from the stranger. While he lathered him with rapidity, he was comparatively silent; but on any occasional pause from fatigue the cries became redoubled in loudness and rapidity.

Times without number was he obliged to shift the brush from one hand to the other from actual exhaustion. It was in vain; there seemed to be no termination to his efforts. If he relaxed a moment he was sure to be recalled by the incessant "Brush away" of the mysterious man.

Such intolerable misery he could not endure. Human nature, in the person of the Barber, was taxed to its utmost efforts, and refused to do more. The anguish he sustained gave him courage, and, stepping aside all at once, he made to the doors, intending to effect his escape. Alas! scarcely had he advanced a yard towards the threshold, than a "Brush away," louder than any he had yet heard, fell upon him as a thunder-bolt, and froze the very spirits within him. He returned to his task, and commenced brushing the beard of the fat man as before. The cries of this personage now became more loud than they had been for the last half hour. His slumbers seemed to be broken, and he resumed with unabated vigor, his old system of singing and whistling, and laughing fearfully.

"Brush away," continued he with his intolerable laugh. "An't fatigued, I hope, my old boy? Will you have another taste of my elixir, eh?"

"We are more in need of lights than of elixirs," ejaculated the Barber, with an effort which it cost him all his skill to accomplish.

"Brush away, then, and we shall not want lights. There's a brace of them for you. Did you ever see any thing finer, old boy?"

The Barber started back a fathom with amazement; and well he might, for in the midst of the darkness he beheld two horrid luminous eyes glaring upon him. They were those of the fat man, and seemed lighted up with that hideous spectral glow which is to be seen floating in cemeteries and other places of corruption. The unnatural glare made his whole head visible. His face, so far as the soap permitted its tints to be seen, was flushed to the color of deep crimson. His dark hair appeared to be converted into sable snakes; and when he laughed, the whole inside of his mouth and throat resembled red hot iron, and looked like the entrance to a furnace within his entrails. Nor was the breath which emanated from this source endurable: it was hot, suffocating, and sulphurous, as is concocted in the bottom of hell. Such a hideous spectacle was more than the Barber could endure. It gave speed to his feet; and dashing down his brush and soap box, he rushed out at the door, in an agony of desperation.

Away he ran through the churchyard, into which, as we have said, his door opened. Nothing was capable of impeding his progress. He leaped over the lillocks, tombstones, ditches, and every thing that stood in his way. Never was terror so thoroughly implanted in the heart of a human being. He

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under the tuition of Mr. Roberts, (the gentleman who is principal of the institution,) has derived essential benefit. We hope that every person who is afflicted with this difficulty will improve the opportunity now presented of being relieved from it.

A GREAT COW. We are informed that Mr. Nathan Conant, of Sumner, slaughtered a Cow on the 29th December last, which weighed eight hundred and six pounds. The tallow weighed one hundred and forty-four pounds!

We are under obligations to Messrs. Budget & Porter, the Editors of the *American (Boston) Traveller*, for two numbers of the *Morning (London) Herald*. Our friends may examine them by calling upon us.

We would inform the Correspondents and friends of the Rev. JOHN HAYNES, that he has removed from *Payette*, Kennebec County, to this Village.

NEW ORGANIZATION OF THE MILITIA.—In our last paper we briefly noticed that it was in contemplation to make some alterations in the present organization of the militia. We now lay before our readers an abridgment of the report of the Board of Officers assembled for that purpose at Washington, made by the Editor of the *Boston Courier*.—The report contains 240 octavo pages. It is at the service of all our friends who may wish to call and examine it.

The Report comprises a great number of letters from governors and militia officers, of the several States, in reply to the circular of the Secretary at War, which, it will be recollected, was sent from his office last year to every State in the Union. Some of these letters contain interesting information relative to the actual condition of the militia, and many of them, as was to be expected, furnished prospects for improving its condition.

The Report commences with a view of the defects of the existing organization. It states that:

The primary defect of the militia system, at this time, it is believed will be found in the excess in numbers which the law proposes to hold to service; an objection that did not apply to the period of 1792, the date of the still existing law on this subject. In 1792 it might well have been supposed necessary to enrol, and organize into corps of militia, all the able bodied white citizens of the United States, (certain classes and persons excepted,) between the ages of 18 and 45 years; but in the thirty-four years which have since elapsed, our general population, and consequently the male citizens between those ages have been troubled, whilst, it is believed, the dangers of foreign aggression are now much diminished. The other occasions under the constitution, viz: resistance to the laws and insurrections, to meet which, the militia were also intended, are supposed not more likely to occur in future, than might have been apprehended in 1792; and yet, at that period, a third of the present militia force, (and about three-fourths of the male citizens then capable of bearing arms,) was supposed amply sufficient for all the purposes within the contemplation of the constitution.

It is added that the greater number of letters submitted to the Board, and the exceptions come principally from cities and the more populous parts of the country, represent the ordinary militia musters, &c. as useless, or worse than useless; as so many occasions for fruitful practices, instead of martial exercises and the images of war.

The Board consider that "the excess of numbers" renders every scheme of improvement, in the general mass, without the aid of a high war excitement, hopeless; inasmuch as so great a body of enrolled men, or officers without men, would not bear in time of peace, and without remuneration, an encampment of many successive days for instruction; and, on the other hand, it is supposed that the government would not incur the necessary expenditure. It is supposed that a selection of certain battalions or brigades, for such encampment and instruction, would be regarded as invidious and unjust; and yet, says the report, without an encampment of many successive days, the militia of thinly peopled districts, it is impossible to impart to officers, and through them to the men, any adequate degree of military efficiency.

Another objection to the existing organization, the report states, is, that notwithstanding the law of Congress provides that every citizen shall be armed and equipped for military duty, yet, comparatively but a small portion of the militia of the Union is yet armed; and, according to the present rate of appropriation by Congress, for that purpose, it would require seventy-five years, even supposing population to remain stationary, to accomplish the measure intended.

Defects in respect to instruction are noticed as a material objection in the present organization. The numerous exemptions, (in some instances reported to be equal to the whole number of men enrolled,) is also alluded to as an evil, and the Board observes, that "it would greatly promote uniformity in the distribution of the benefits and burdens of a well regulated militia, if no exemptions were allowed beyond the cases which might be enumerated in some new provision made by Congress."

The remedies which the Report proposes is contained in a "Plan for the enrolment and organization of the militia of the U. States." This plan recommends in the two first sections, the appointment of one adjutant-general to be attached to the War Department without rank, and an adjutant-general in each State, with the rank of brigadier-general.—Then follows—

3. It is recommended to exempt all persons, under the age of twenty-one years, in the several States, from service in the militia of the United States.

4. It is recommended that there be enrolled and organized, in each State, from the whole mass of able bodied white male citizens, resident therein, who are, or shall be, above the age of twenty-one years, and always taking the youngest above that age, at the rate of one brigade of militia, organized as herein proposed, for every member of the House of Representatives of the United States to which the State may be entitled.

5. It is proposed that every two brigades of militia, so enrolled in each State, shall constitute one division, and if there be an odd brigade in the State, above a division, that such brigade be attached to some convenient division, at the discretion of the State; that every brigade shall consist of three regiments; every regiment of two battalions; every battalion of four troops, or companies; and every troop, or company, of five sergeants, five corporals, two musicians and sixty-four privates. Each State to have the right to designate regiments, battalions, troops, and companies, as cavalry, artillery, light-infantry, and riflemen, at its discretion; or, to accept as part of its quota as above, without regard to the limitation as to the age of twenty-one years, uniformed volunteer corps of either arm, if armed and equipped according to designation, and organized as herein proposed.

6. It is proposed that each State, also, have the right to extend the number of privates, per troop and company, within the State, from the minimum, sixty-four, to any number not exceeding one hundred.

7. Privates in troops of cavalry, to be also designated troopers; and privates in companies of artillery, matrosses; and light-infantry and riflemen to be included in the general denomination of infantry.

8. Divisions, brigades, regiments and battalions, may consist of different arms, as cavalry, artillery, and infantry, as above; and when several troops of cavalry, whether single, or organized into regiments or battalions, are united for parade, instruction, or service, they will be subject to an organization, in part, peculiar to this arm; thus, two troops will constitute a squadron, two squadrons a battalion, and, as in the other arms, two battalions a regiment; but, on the accidental or temporary union of two or more squadrons, without field officers of this arm, the commander of the division or brigade, to which the squadrons belong, may detach one or two field officers to command the squadrons so united. A similar rule would be applied to a temporary or accidental union of two or more companies of artillery in the same battery, or line of batteries; and to two or more companies of light-infantry or riflemen.

The ninth paragraph proposes a plan for officering the militia, not essentially differing from the present. The tenth prescribes the manner in which the "State color" shall be borne, and exhibits in a tabular form the number of troops, battalions, regiments, &c. which the preceding propositions for organization will give to each State and to the District of Columbia, the remaining part of the plan is given at length.

11. For the instruction of officers, it is recommended that each State appoint as many camps of instruction as there may be divisions of militia organized in the State, or if there be no divisions in the State, then a camp for its brigade.

12. At such periods as the respective States may appoint, it is recommended that all the officers of the brigade, surgeons and assistant surgeons in both cases excepted, be assembled at the camp appointed as above, and there be held assembled and encamped ten successive days in each year, under the immediate command of the senior officer actually present, of the division or brigade. The military instruction, both theoretical and practical, to be conducted, at each camp, by a competent instructor, under the superintendence and direction of the commanding officer of the camp—the practical part at a rate not less than six hours in a day, for the ten days' encampment; and, in order the better to introduce uniformity of practice under the systems of instruction which may have been established by Congress for the different arms, as cavalry, artillery, and infantry, it shall be the duty of the Secretary of War, on application made by the executives of the several States, to provide competent instructors, and, as far as practicable, by selections from the officers of the army, or graduates from the United States Military Academy; provided that the number of instructors so detailed, or employed by the Secretary of War, shall not exceed one for each camp of instruction as above.

13. The chaplain of each division, who shall be required to attend the annual encampment of the officers of his division, to be held only to the performance of his clerical duties; and a similar exemption extended to the surgeon, or assistant surgeon, one for each camp, to be detailed by the commander of the camp, from the surgeons and assistant surgeons of the division or brigade.

14. It is recommended that there be allowed and paid by the United States, to each officer who shall be encamped as above, per day, for each day that he may be encamped, not exceeding ten in the same year, and to each officer at the rate of — cents per mile, for every mile he may necessarily travel once from his home to his camp, and once back in the year.

15. To the instructors detailed or employed as above, it is recommended that there be allowed and paid by the United States, as follows: if they be officers of the army, to each a per diem of —, for each day actually employed at a camp of instruction, and the transportation of an officer of the army; and if the instructors be other than officers of the army, twice that per diem, to each, and the mileage of — cents, as above.

16. It is recommended that — dollars per day be allowed and paid by the United States for the hire of musicians at each camp, for the ten days' encampment.

According to the foregoing propositions, or recommendations, there would be 104 camps of instruction in each year—99 for divisions, and 5 for independent brigades, including that of the District of Columbia.

The number of officers who would probably be encamped in the same year, if the scheme be adopted by the proper authorities, may be stated in this place.

The whole number of officers, according to the foregoing table Additional officers proposed for the cavalry and artillery, not included in the table, say

Deduct all the surgeons and assistant surgeons except 104 for the 104 camps

From this number there may be deducted, say one officer in every six, as the number that would probably be unavoidably absent from the camps

Number of officers who would probably be encamped in the same year

The plan is accompanied by estimates of the probable expense of the whole scheme of instruction as proposed by the Board. The letters submitted to the Board will be noticed hereafter.

Fire. Yesterday morning about two o'clock a fire broke out in the new store of the Messrs P. & B. Cromet, milliners. By the exertions of the firemen and citizens the fire was extinguished before the building was consumed—the goods, however, were burnt on the shelves so as to be almost wholly ruined. Insurance, we understand, was effected on them to the amount of \$1500, though this is far from covering the loss. \$300 insured on the building.—*Ken. (Augusta) Journal.*

Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 7. MANMOTH or MAMMOTHS. There was exhibited, a few weeks ago, in a boat at the market landing place, Steubenville, the bones of a non-descript animal, one of which is 20 feet in length, 3 in width, and weighed upwards of 12 hundred pounds. The back bone is 16 inches in diameter, and the ribs are 9 feet in length. It is calculated from the size of the bones, that the animal, when living, must have been about 50 feet in length, 20 to 26 feet in width, and about 20 feet in height; and that it must have weighed at least 20 tons. These bones were found near the Mississippi river, in (we believe) Louisiana, and form the greatest natural curiosity that we ever beheld. This animal must have as far transcended the mammoth in size, as the mammoth a common small dog.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. "L's" Reflections on the death of a beautiful Girl were received some time after they were written. They were put in type previous to the reception of the note he sent us. "Tom Tuam" wishes the reader to correct the first line of the last stanza but one, in his "Story," by reading "For wealth or beauty what care I."

"Lines" by A. have been received and shall have place soon.

Died. In this Village, on Saturday last, Miss LUCINDA A. SHACKLEY, aged 18 years, oldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Shackley.

In this town, on the 23d inst. Mrs. SAUNDERS, wife of Mr. Jonathan Saunders. In Reading, (Mass.) Henry Putnam, Esq. aged 47, formerly of Brunswick. In Gray, on Monday afternoon, very suddenly, Mr. Daniel Cummings, aged 60. He was found dead on the road where he went to haul wood.

LEVI STOWELL, Counsellor & Attorney at Law,

HAS opened an Office at Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, where he will give diligent attention to business entrusted to him. Dixfield, Jan. 28, 1827.

CROCKERY, CHINA & GLASS WARES.

JOSEPH LEACH, No. 6, MERCHANTS' ROW, Middle-Street, HAS JUST received large addition to his Stock which now makes his assortment complete, comprising every article kept in a Crockery Ware Store, which will be sold low.

Constantly on hand Prime Assorted CRATES put up expressly for Country Trade.

Purchasers are invited to call. Portland, Jan. 9, 1827. 6w 135

FOR SALE,

A GOOD FARM, in the South part of Paris, on the Portland road, containing about 120 acres, a good House and Barn standing thereon, with a good Orchard, and other matters convenient.

Also—3 Lots of Land, in Foxcroft, County Penobscot.

Also—5 Lots in Woodstock, Oxford County.—The above was a part of the estate of the late Mr. Stephen Robinson, and will be sold on reasonable terms, by his heirs.

Apply to LEVI STOWELL, Paris, January 6, 1827. tf 132

ASA BARTON, AGENT FOR THE

New-England Insurance Company, Capital 200,000 Dollars, continues to issue Policies at fair rates of Premiums, on application to him at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE. Norway, Jan. 1226.

CONSTANTLY for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Anderson's Cough Drops—Brown's Drops for Fire—Doan's Rheumatic Drops—Lee's Pills—Doan's Rheumatic Pills—Itch Ointment—Court Plaster—Shaving Soap—Wash Balls—Pomatum—Black Ball, &c. Jan. 31.

BUY YOUR TICKETS!

THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL Lottery draws on the 10th of February, and will be recollected that one Quarter of the Capital Prize of

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, was bought at the Oxford Bookstore. Also, one Quarter of a Two Hundred Dollar Prize—two Quarters of One Hundred each—Several of \$50, twenty, ten, four, and NOTHING.

Recall that Tickets signed by E. SHAW always draw Prizes or Blanks.—Prize Tickets signed by any Vendor in Portland, Hallowell, or Augusta, taken in payment—and Cash paid for all Prizes (except large ones) as soon as drawn. Norway, Jan. 23.

E. SHAW'S Prize List,

GIVING a correct account of every number drawn in the 9th Class

Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery.

No.	Pr.	No.	Pr.	No.	Pr.
4762	3000	3842	100	5548	50
5410	1100	4842	100	6548	50
2034	1000	5842	100	1915	50
1513	1000	6842	100	2915	50
3306	1000	1393	100	6915	50
6726	1000	2393	100	4915	50
1687	200	3393	100	5915	50
2687	200	4393	100	6915	50
3687	200	5393	100	1512	50
4687	200	6393	100	2512	50
5687	200	1548	50	3512	50
6687	200	2548	50	4512	50
1842	100	3548	50	5512	50
2842	100	4548	50	6512	50

All tickets whose two last figures are 99, are prizes of \$20.
All tickets whose two last figures are 70 or 76, are prizes of \$10.
All tickets whose last figure is 7, 6, or 2, are prizes of \$4.

ASTONISHING LUCK!!

Quarters and Eighths of nearly all the Capitals were again sold at E. SHAW'S Prize Office.

1 of \$3,000; 1 of 1,100;
2 of 1,000; 4 of 200;
8 of 100; 12 of 50.

Besides \$20 and \$10 prizes, too numerous to particularize, making in all, the largest part of the Lottery.

The fortunate holders of the above Prizes sold by E. SHAW, are requested to present them and receive a Check on the Canal Bank.

P. S.—E. S. has the pleasure to inform his numerous customers, that he has sold all the Capital Prizes in the Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery since he commenced vending Tickets. Good Luck runs to such a degree, that he will give to each person who buys a ticket in the 10th Class, which draws tenth of February, double the amount he pays, if he does not again sell at least four of the Capital Prizes, in wholes or parts. Thus making your chance much better by purchasing at the EVER FORTUNATE OFFICE.

One Quarter of the \$5000 was sold to a farmer in Hebron—part of the \$1100 to a young lady—parts of the 1000s to purchasers not known.

The tenth Class is the same as the last.—Tickets \$4. Portland, Jan. 10.

NO MISTAKE!!!

BRADLEY & DOW

HAVE just received ONE HUNDRED AND TEN PIECES of fine, superfine, blue, black, olive, claret, and mixt

Broadcloths & Cassimeres,

which are offered very low—say ten per cent. lower than "Auction Prices."

—ALSO—

50 pieces SATINETTS,

20 bales SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS,

with a general assortment of prime British and American

Piece Goods,

all which they will sell at prices lower than ever before offered in this market, for "Sixteen Years."

Portland, Dec. 22. 9wis 131

SCHOOL BOOKS

Stationary,

For Sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

MORSE'S, Cummings', Adams', Goldsmith's, Woodbridge's and Worcester's GEOGRAPHY and ARITHMETICS; Cummings' Easy Lessons; Perry's, Walker's, and Johnson's DICTIONARIES; Murray's, Fisk's, and Ingersoll's GRAMMARS; Young Ladies' Accidence; Whelpley's Compend, with Questions; Scott's Lessons; English Reader; American Preceptor; Columbian Orator; Murray's Introduction; Murray's Sequel; Evangelical Instructor; Museum; Student's Companion, new edition; Pike's, Walsh's, Bezout's and Kinne's ARITHMETICS; Webster's and Goodale's SPELLING BOOKS; Scholar's First Book; with most School Books used in this part of the State—All of which will be sold cheap, either by the dozen or single.

Also—Writing and Cyphering Books; Quills; Ink Powder; Slates and Pencils; Paper, &c. Jan. 2.

ADMINISTRATORS SALE.

WILL be sold by order of the Court of Probate for the County of Penobscot, on Saturday the seventeenth day of February next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling-house of Jesse STONE, of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, Innholder, so much of the Real Estate of REUBEN DENNETT, late of Newport, in the said County of Penobscot, yeoman, deceased, as will produce the sum of one hundred dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased.—The Estate offered for sale, lies in said town of Livermore, and consists of about twenty acres of LAND, being a pore lot situate near the Southwest corner of land lately owned by Ephraim Child.

Contributions will be made known at the time and place of sale. DENNIS DENNETT, Administrator. Etna, Jan. 23, 1827. *135

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

LEVI BEARCE, late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to EBENEZER DONHAM. Hebron, Jan. 23, 1827. *135

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

ELISHA BISBEE, late of Sumner, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to HOPESILL BISBEE. Sumner, Jan. 23, 1827. *135

THE subscribers hereby give public notice to all concerned, that they have been duly appointed and taken upon themselves the trust of Administrators on the estate of

TIMOTHY BEAN, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—They therefore request all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to PETER C. VIRGIN, KIMBALL BEAN. Bethel, Jan. 23, 1827. *135

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven—

CUSHMAN RYERSON, Administrator on the estate of LUKE RYERSON, late of Paris, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 135

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven—

AARON MASON, Administrator on the estate of CHARLES MASON, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Aaron Mason give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 135

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven—

HANNAH MORTON, of Buckfield, named Executrix in a certain Testament purporting to be the last Will and Testament of EZRA MORTON, late of Buckfield, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

ORDERED—That the said Hannah Morton give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 135

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven—

JAMES RICKER, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of THOMAS ALLEN, late of Hartford, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

ORDERED—That the said James Ricker give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. *135

OPODELDOC.

THE subscriber has been appointed agent for selling Johnson's *Opodeldoc*—both at wholesale and retail. Physicians, Traders, and others, can be supplied on the most reasonable terms. ASA BARTON. Norway, Jan. 10.

CUMMINGS' EASY LESSONS.

FOR Schools, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.—This is a valuable treatise on Geography for young beginners.

THE BOWER.

FOR THE OBSERVER.
REFLECTIONS
On the Death of a Beautiful Girl.
How bright and yet how short-lived is the rose,
On beauty's dimpled cheek, unfolding gay,
On hour, one sweet but gliding hour, that glows,
Then drooping, fading, vanishes away.
How hopeful was thy bloom, fond spirit flown!
For not a shade was mingled with the ray
Of thy beauteous morn, which early shone,
With prospect fair, of long and prosperous day:
And O, thou wert a plant of promise rare;
And lovelier, did never landscape deck,
Or fragrance shed, which could with thine compare,
When health unblemish'd smil'd upon thy cheek.
But youthful prime could not survive the storm,
That sudden burst upon thy tender head—
Where is thy glory now—thy matchless form,
With all its charms? alas, forever fled!
No longer, here, thy faded blossom yields
Its daily incense—too divinely fair,
To grow on earth, thou'rt snatch'd to heavenly fields,
To bloom in everlasting beauty there.

FOR THE OBSERVER.
AN OLD MAN'S STORY.
I lately met an aged man,
Of look so striking mean,
I offer'd him a crown to tell,
What fortune his had been.
"Happier days, I've seen," said he,
"Thou' now I'm old and prest;
Thou' tatters now bespeak me poor,
I've splendid wealth possess.
"My lot, uncertain as a dream,
Has been, and changeable too—
Successive scenes of pride and want,
Of happiness and woe.
"I ask'd if e'er he had a wife—
"Yes, four, I've had," said he—
"I wed for love, for beauty, wealth,
And last, for company.
"My first, of beauty's outward grace,
Shard not to great a part,
As better charms—a virtuous mind,
And gentleness of heart.
"She was the loveliest of her sex;
"At early age we lov'd,
And pure and lasting as our lives,
Our fond attachment prov'd.
"But scarce three years had slept away,
Ere fate, relentless fate,
Forever tore her from my arms,
And left me desolate;
"Doubtless, to teach me, bliss so pure,
Cannot, on earth, be giv'n,
By mortals, to be tasted long;
But endless dwells in Heaven.
"My second wife was beautiful,
And dazzled with her face,
I thoughtless with her engaged
To run the marriage race.
"But soon as Hymen's knot was tied,
The scales fell from my eyes,
And I beheld, in angel's form,
A devil in disguise.
"All means she tried within her pow'r,
A curse to render life;
Till death arriv'd, in pity sent,
To terminate our strife.
"A dashing widow, next I saw,
Who fortune did possess,
To tempt me from the safer path,
Of "single blessedness."
"I married her, from selfish views
Anticipating joy,
And, in extensive merchandise,
Her money did employ;
"And while success my business crown'd,
Was blest as others be,
Who fancy riches constitute
Wedded felicity—
"But soon, full soon, (the worst to tell.)
Sad change I underwent—
I was unfortunate in trade,
And all my living spent—
"And now, my wife no more would smile,
But fret, and sigh, and cry,
And call me cruel instrument
Of all her misery.
"To see her in such wretched state,
It caus'd me bitterest grief;
And I was glad, at last, when death
From trouble brought relief.
"I now was far advanc'd in life,
And did companion need,
To tuck me up when I were cold,
And lay me out when dead.
"Without delay, then, up I shin'd
To clever, spruce old maid,
And, without ifs or ands, at once,
A mutual bargain made.
"She's living still, and takes good care
Of me, as I wax old,
And tho' I'm poor and destitute,
I'd change her not for gold.
"What were I for wealth, or beauty?
Enough of them, I've had—
Dolly, tho' rich, nor fair, can cheer,
And make my heart right glad.
"What, if we not so fond can be,
As lovers young and gay—
We take a dry kiss now and then,
As honest old folks may."

TOM THUMB.

The man, whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, not himself, whose high purposes are adopted on just principles, and never abandoned, while heaven or earth afford means of accomplishing them. He is one, who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to gain a real good purpose. Scott.

Do not sit dumb in company; it will be ascribed either to pride, cunning, or stupidity; give your opinion modestly, but freely; hear that of others with candor; and ever endeavor to find out, and to communicate truth.

THE OLIO.

ANECDOTE OF SHUTTER. Shutter, traveling in the Brighton stage with four ladies, one very warm day, the party were thrown into the utmost consternation by the coach suddenly stopping to receive a sixth person, who was a perfect Falstaff in appearance. The ladies expressed their sorrow to Shutter at this additional incumbrance; but he, with a smile, desired them to take comfort, for he would soon remove the man-mountain. Accordingly when the unpleasant intruder had taken his seat, and the coach was once more moving, Shutter with much gravity asked one of the ladies her motive for visiting Brighton. She replied, her physician had ordered her to bathe for a depression of spirits. He turned to her next neighbor, and repeated his inquiries: she was nervous; the third bilious—all had some complaint of which the sea was to be the cure. When each had told the history of their disorders, the humorist, heaving a tremendous sigh, exclaimed, "All your complaints put together are trifling to mine—they are nothing—Oh no! mine is dreadful but to think of—" "Good God! sir," cried the fat passenger with astonishment, "what is your complaint? you look exceedingly well."—"Oh, sir," replied Shutter, "looks are deceitful. You must know, three days ago I had the misfortune to be bit by a mad dog, for which I am informed the only cure is immersion in salt water. I am going therefore; for though I am, as you observe, looking well, yet the fit takes me in a moment, when I bark like a dog, and endeavor to bite every one near me."—"Lord have mercy on us!" ejaculated the fat traveller, in a tone that was meant to be a whisper: "But, sir, you are not in earnest—you."—"Bow! wow! wow!"—"Coachman! coachman! I say, let me out."—"Now, your honor, what's the matter?"—"A mad dog is the matter—hydrophobia is the matter—open the door—the devil is the matter."—"Bow! wow! wow!"—"Open the door; never mind the steps. There, thank God, I am once more in safety—let those who like it ride inside—I'll mount the box; the Lord be praised for my escape!" Accordingly he continued on the outside of the coach for the remainder of the journey, much to the satisfaction of the comedian and his companions, who were exceedingly merry at his expense; the former, every now and then, regaling him with a sonorous, Bow! wow! wow!

A tar, growing sick of his business, deserted his ship, went into the country, and hired himself to a farmer. He was immediately set to ploughing, with a yoke of oxen and an old mare called Jin. The sailor, being wholly unacquainted with the management of the tacks, sheets, and bowlines of his old mare and oxen, in his first attempt to put about, missed stays, and by turning the yoke, threw Jin and the oxen all down in a heap together. Jack, frightened with the confusion, bawled out for help. The farmer asked, "What's the matter?" "Matter! matter enough by conscience," replied Jack; "the lard-board ox has got on the starboard side—old Jin has got foul of the rigging; and they are all going to mischief stern foremost."

One Terence M'Manus, in the North of Ireland, lately taken up for sheep stealing, wrote an account of the same to his friend in the following words:—"As we wished to have sum mutton to our turnups, we went to Squire Carroll, who had more sheep than his neighbors; they were very wild, and the pasture very large, and we were obliged to take a new method to entice them by force to come near us. As this method may be of some service to you to no, I link it my duty to tell you of it; Pat Duggan and I wrapt ourselves up in hay, and as the sheep came round to ate it, we cut their throats. But a sarch being made five hind quarters belonging to two of them, was found in my cabin."

During the late assizes for Somersetshire, a witness in his examination in chief, described himself as a shoemaker. On being cross-examined, however, as to the nature of his occupation, he replied that he was a blacksmith. "How is this, sir," said the counsel, "did you not tell us that you were a shoemaker?" "I know I did, zur," replied the witness, "and I zay a blacksmith is a shoemaker, vor orses." "In this court, by a shoemaker is understood a mechanic who makes shoes for men and women;" Retorted the witness, "that beant right; thom there be a cordwainer." The learned counsellor was completely nonplussed.

A sailor being on the eve of his departure on board a man of war, which was going on a cruise, halloo'd to some of his shipmates, and inquired, "if they had seen an empty bag with a clean shirt in it."

NEW STORE & NEW GOODS.

B. WALES,
HAS established himself in business in this town, and has taken the store next to that occupied by MARK HANBURY, Esq., Middle-street, where he has just received an entire new and extensive Stock of

GOODS,
comprising a heavy and general assortment of Drugs and Medicines, Paints & Dye-Stuffs, among which may be found the following articles—

Drugs, Medicine, &c.
Gum Opium; Tart Emetic; Calomel; Castor; Columbo; Cantharides; Peruvian Bark; Antimony; Oil Peppermint, Oil Cloves, and all other Oils generally inquired for; Musk; Blue Pill; Gum Galbanum; Glauber, Rochelle, Epsom and Soda Salts; Flake Mannu; Gum Arabic; Ploos Iron; Gamboge; Myrrh; Aloes; Rhubarb; Pica; Pink Root; Cream Tartar; Sulphur; Red and White Precipitate; Quicksilver; Guaiacum; Valerian; Wormseed; Opodeldoc; British Oil; Prusic Acid; Spermaceti; Camphor; Magnesia; Chamomile Flowers; Croton Oil; Cold Pressed Castor Oil, by the gallon or bottle; Gentian; Iceland Moss; Oatmeal; Pearlash; Salaratis; Arrow Root; Sage; Salop; Pearl Barley; and numerous other articles, which, together with a long catalogue of

PATENT MEDICINES,
renders the assortment very full and complete—Also, Surgeons' Instruments, such as Pocket Cases; Teeth Instruments; Lancets; Catheters; Amputating and Dissecting Cases; Bougies; Trusses; Stomach Tubes, &c. &c.

Paints, Oils, &c.
Dry and Ground White Lead; Red Lead; French Yellow; Black Lead; Stone Yellow; Rose Pink; Chrome Yellow; Umber; Ivory Black; Lamp Black; Vermillion; Glue; Venetian Red; Spanish Brown; Purple Brown; Verdigris; French Green; Paris White; Whiting; Lytharge; Pumice Stone; Rotten Stone; Drop Lake; Flake White; Blue Smalts; Prussian Blue; Blue, Purple and White Frostings; Sand Paper; Paint Knives; Paint Brushes; C. H. Pencils; White Wash Brushes; Orange Red; India Red; Distilled Verdigris; Linseed Oil; Spirits Turpentine; Copal, Japan, and Bright Varnish; Gold, Silver and Brass Leaf; Silver and Copper Bronze; Gum Copal; Gum Shell-lac; Sugar of Lead; White Vitriol; Emery; Rosin; Dutch Pink; White and Red Chalk, &c.

Dye Stuffs, &c.
Logwood; Redwood; Fustic; Nicaragua; Camwood; Alum; Copperas; Indigo; Blue Vitriol; Madder; Wood; Cudbear; Oil Vitriol; Aqua Fortis; Muriatic Acid; Red Tartar; Nutgalls; Verdigris; Clothiers' Jacks; Screws; Cotton and Wool Cards; Iron Mortars.

Ground Logwood,
" Fustic,
" Redwood,
" Nicaragua,
" Camwood,
" Otter; Rocoe; Tenter Hooks, &c.

Also—Salt-petre; Roll Brimstone; Stone Jugs; Stone Pots; Sponge; Gum Shell-lac and Ipts Wine, for Hatters' use; Sweet Oil; LAMP OIL; Pepper; Pepper Sauce; SPICES of various kinds; Macaboy, Scotch, Aromatic, and Cephalic SNUFF; Tamarinds; Refined and Crude Borax; Coach Varnish; Junk Bottles for the Hammer; Bottle Corks; Lamps; Card Tacks; Boston and Chelmsford WINDOW GLASS, of first and second qualities, and of various sizes.—B. W. being appointed Agent for the New-England Crown Glass Company, will sell their Glass at the lowest factory prices, and orders to any amount and for any size of Glass, will be executed at short notice. Glass constantly at retail.

Physicians, Clothiers, Hatters, Traders, and all others in want of any of the above articles, will find them of a genuine quality, and at fair prices for cash or credit.

Cash given for Beeswax, Mustard Seed, and Flax Seed.
Portland, Dec. 25. 3m 120

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Brownfield.

IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED to the Proprietors of the Lands hereafter mentioned, in the town of Brownfield, that the same are taxed in a bill committed for collection to the undersigned, Collector of said Brownfield, for the year 1826, in the respective sums following, viz:

Name of Proprietor (if known)	No. of Lots	Range	No. of Acres	Value.	Yr.
Aaron Porters	27	D	150 350 1.50		
Aaron Porter	33	A	100 150 0.54		
Aaron Porters	27	C	100 200 1.03		
Aaron Porters	32	C	100 200 1.11		
John Pierce	14	Cutler's	50 100 0.28		
John Pierce	22	Cutler's	100 200 1.22		
John Pierce	2	G	50 150 0.62		
James Osgood	J. Johnson farm	11	66 0.23		
Jere Hills Heirs	30	A	100 150 0.83		
Seth Spring	Pierce Lot	800 1500 9.79			
H. Y. B. Osgood	8	R	200 300		
	10	W	400 400 3.60		
The J. Osgood Land	College Lot	100 75 4.31			
Owner unknown	1	F	150 300 1.04		
Owner unknown	1-2	Cutler's	50 50 0.43		
Nathl. Stone	28	D			
	1 house, 1 barn,				
	improved land 5				
	unimproved 45				

The said Collector will proceed according to law to sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder at the dwelling-house of Nathaniel Merrill, in Brownfield, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, on the fifth day of May next, so much of said Lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said Taxes, and the necessary intervening charges; if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said taxes and charges.

SAMUEL E. MERRILL, Collector of said Brownfield.
Dated at said Brownfield, the 12th day of January, 1827.

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the Homestead FARM of the late Elijah Bates, situated in Paris, containing about 180 acres of Land, consisting of due proportions of Woodland, Mowing, Pasturing, Orchard, and Tillage; has a convenient one story house, a good sized Barn, out buildings, &c. Said Farm is well Watered, well Fenced with Stone Wall, and in other respects, in a good state of repair, and cuts from 25 to 30 tons Hay annually.

Also—100 acre Lot, with some improvements, adjoining said Farm, will be sold with, or without the Farm, as may suit the purchaser.—Persons desirous of purchasing valuable Real Estate, would do well to examine. Any further information may be had by calling on the subscriber.

Unless the above be sold at private sale, it will be sold at Auction on the premises, on Wednesday the 14th of February next, at eleven o'clock, A. M. At the same time and place, will be sold at Auction, the following articles of Personal Property, belonging to the estate:

500 bushels POTATOES;
A quantity of CORN and GRAIN;
Several tons HAY;
And sundry other Articles.

Terms of SALE—Liberal, and will be made known at the time and place of Sale. ASAPH KITTREDGE, Admr.
Paris, Dec. 7, 1826.

All persons indebted to the above Estate, whose terms of credit has expired, are requested to settle the same previous to that time. tds 123

NEW STORE.

New Goods.

JOSEPH HARROD
IS NOW OPENING for sale, an extensive assortment of

English, French, India, & American PIECE GOODS.

—LIKEWISE—
A great variety of Common, Fine, Super and Extra Superfine

Ridderminster Carpetings with Medallion and Drop Figures.
VENETIAN FLOOR & STAIR CARPETS,
HEAVY RUGS,
Carpet Bindings, &c.

—ALSO—
Dutch Bolting Cloths,
from No. 4, to 12,
At the NEW STORE, corner of Exchange and Middle-streets.
Portland, Nov. 20, 1826. tds 125

STATE OF MAINE.

To Stephen Chase, Esq. one of the Justices of the Peace within and for the County of Oxford.

WE the subscribers, five of the Proprietors of the township of Lovell, and the township of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, deeming a meeting of the Proprietors of the townships aforesaid, necessary, do hereby apply to you for a Warrant to call a meeting of said Proprietors, to be holden at the dwelling house of Jonas Wood, in Fryeburg, in the County of Oxford, on Monday the twelfth day of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, for the following purposes, viz:—

1st. To choose a Moderator.
2d. To choose a Clerk, Treasurer, and all such officers as may be needful to transact the business of said Proprietors.

3d. To accept the reports of committees who have been heretofore appointed to lay out their land in lots, and for other purposes.

4th. To raise such sum or sums of money as will be necessary to defray the expenses of the Proprietors, and to pay all debts incurred.

5th. To determine whether the Proprietors will sell the residue of their lands, or timbers, or any part thereof, or both, in said townships, to defray the expense and demands against said Proprietors, and if so, to fix upon the manner of disposing of the same.

6th. To set upon all such matters and things as shall be deemed necessary to close, and finally finish the concerns of the Proprietors.

JOHN WOOD,
JEMIEL NEVINS,
BENJAMIN WEBBER,
ROBERT PAGE,
ABRAHAM ANDREWS,
Fryeburg, Jan. 4, 1827.

STATE OF MAINE.

To John Wood of Fryeburg, in the County of Oxford, Esq. one of the Proprietors of the township of Lovell, and of the township of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, and one of the subscribers of the foregoing application.

In the name of the State of Maine, you are hereby required to notify and warn the Proprietors of the township of Lovell, and township of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, to meet at the time and place, and for the purposes expressed in the foregoing application, mentioned therein; and you are required to make due return of this Warrant, and of your doings thereon, to the said Proprietors at their said meeting.

Given under my hand and seal this sixth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty seven. STEPHEN CHASE, Just. Peace.
A true Copy: Attest, JONAS WOOD.

The Proprietors of the townships of Lovell and Sweden, in the County of Oxford, are hereby notified to meet at the time and place and for the purposes mentioned in the foregoing application and Warrant.
JOHN WOOD, Proprietor's Clerk.
Fryeburg, Jan. 6, 1827. 4w 123

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Goodale's Spelling Books, new edition—Spryngers' Hymns, 4th edition—Unitarianists—Hymns Books, new kind—Smith and Jones' Hymns, &c.
Also—Ingerson's Grammar, abridged, for the use of schools.
Lafayette—Brown's History of Universal

Almanacks for 1827.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the hundred, dozen, or single, the

Maine Farmers' Almanack for 1827. Also, for sale by Messrs. Morse & Hill, Oren Shaw, Thomas Crocker, Esq. and Maj. John Dennett, Paris. Mr. Increase Robinson, Ichabod Bartlett, William Cox, Norway. Nathaniel Harlow, Esq., Nathan Atwood, John Loring, Esq. Bethel. Cyrus Clark & Son, Turner. Jan. 9.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS MERRY, my wife, has left my bed and board and refuses to live with me: I therefore forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date. DAVID DUTTON.
Sumner, Jan. 10, 1827. 4133

The Casket:

Or Flowers of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, FOR 1827.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Dec. 2, 1826.
THE CASKET, or Flowers of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, which has had an unprecedented increase of patrons during the last six months, will, after the present volume is finished, contain, each number, 30 octavo pages, printed well, on small hand-made type, upon the finest paper, stitched and covered and furnished at the low price of two dollars and fifty cents per ann. The Casket is a collection from the choicest pieces of the Saturday Evening Post made with a reference to the difference which should exist in the materials of a weekly paper and those of a monthly publication, the former of course enriched with essays, poetry, anecdotes, and those set off by a recital of the occurrences of the week. The latter can receive little value from a mere detail of events, many of which would cease to be interesting before they were recorded.

The vast quantity of matter crowded, by small type, and careful arrangement, into the columns of every number of the Saturday Evening Post, will in the course of a month, furnish the most ample materials from which to form an interesting periodical work, such as the Casket has been considered by its partial friends, and such as we intend, it shall be. Notwithstanding the fact, that the Casket is but a collection from the columns of the Saturday Evening Post, we confidently predict, and indeed we are sanctioned in the experience we already have, that its most numerous patrons will be found among the subscribers to our weekly paper. A large number of those who take the "Post" depend upon that paper for the news of the week—it is therefore read with avidity by almost every member of the family where it is received, and this general use frequently injures its appearance so much as almost to render it unfit for the file, and for binding. The numbers too, by this general use, are not unfrequently lost, mutilated or entirely destroyed, and the file thus broken. The Casket is calculated to prevent the inconvenience, and to furnish, at a very cheap price, all the useful matter for which the weekly paper would be desirable when bound. In thus giving a permanent form and select association to the choicest pieces of our weekly contributors, it is confidently anticipated that new and successful inducements will be held out for the exercise of superior talent, and unusual care in our literary department. In addition to the recommendation of neatness in the general appearance, and particular attention to the typographical execution, it is our intention to embellish each number of the "Casket" with three handsome Engravings from the hands of some of the most distinguished artists of the country.

With these claims to patronage, the "Casket" will, as has been previously mentioned, be afforded to those who subscribe for that paper exclusively, at the low price of \$2.50 per year, a subscription which is confidently believed, is much lower than that for any other publication of a similar character in this country—but to the subscribers of "The Saturday Evening Post" "The Casket" will be furnished for \$2.00.

The January No. for 1827, will be embellished with a portrait of the late venerable JOHN ADAMS, formerly President of the United States, one of Lougacre's best engravings; also, a correct and beautiful view of FINE MOUNT WATER WORKS, in the vicinity of Philadelphia; besides, the first No. of the SCHOOL OF FLORA, being the commencement of a regular series of Treatise on Botany, illustrated with numerous cuts.

Post-masters and publishers of papers who will interest themselves in obtaining subscribers, and be responsible for the subscription, shall be entitled to every sixth copy gratis. Address ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, Philadelphia.

*Persons wishing to subscribe, will please to send in their names by the first of the year, as there is no doubt the demand for the work will be greatly increased, and therefore the possibility of being furnished with the Nov. from the beginning, will be rendered more doubtful.

JAUNDICE BITTERS.

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent for selling Johnson's Jaundice Bitters, a most valuable Medicine for persons affected with the Jaundice or complaints of that kind. These Bitters are very pleasant and strong, and are highly esteemed by all such as have made trial of them.—For sale wholesale and retail.—Traders and others who purchase to sell again, can be supplied on reasonable terms. ASA BARTON.
Norway, January 24.

The Observer

Is published every Wednesday afternoon, by ASA BARTON, (FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)

at \$2.00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1/2 per cent, to all who pay cash within three months from the date of their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in his publications beyond the amount charged for its insertion.



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